

NO.
48

PEP



THE SHIELD

MAY

COMICS

10¢

BOY!
HOW'S THAT
FOR A
CATCH,
SHIELD
?



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

GREETINGS, GANG:

At this writing the contest we started in last month's PEP magazine has not yet hit the news-stands. Therefore, naturally, no contestant's letters have been received. So, this in between period is a good time to transmit a vital message from your government to you.

There is a very acute shortage of paper and Uncle Sam wants you to save all the scrap paper you can get your hands on. And, here is the nice part. When you have saved enough paper to make a worthwhile bundle, DON'T GIVE IT AWAY! SELL IT. Here is a chance for you to make some money and be patriotic at the same time.

Anything at all that is paper means money in your pocket. Old newspapers, magazines, cardboard boxes, etc. Now, here is how you go about selling it. Every city, town and village will have a salvage department. In the bigger cities it might be a junkman or a circulation collecting depot whose address you can find out by calling your local O.P.A. Board. In smaller towns it might be your local church organizations or Boy Scout Headquarters or the Red Cross, and so on.

Remember, paper is ammunition, vital ammunition. Duty and I know that if there is one group of boys and girls in this country who will come to the aid of Uncle Sam when he needs them, that group is the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. Well, your Uncle Sam needs you now. So, go to it, boys and girls.

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins
(the Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 403
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
DUSTY
BOY DETECTIVE

The **CURSE** *OF THE*
BLACK MONKEY



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE COCK'S NEST OF A U.S. TRANSPORT...

WHAT'S THAT? A PIECE OF FLOATING WRECKAGE, AND... HOLY MACKEREL!

NO WONDER THE SAILOR IS AMAZED. FOR LOOK AT THE SURVIVOR HE SEES...



THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KEEP THE MONK CAPTAIN!

WELL, YOU SAW HIM FIRST, JOHNSON! RUNNY THAT A MONKEY SHOULD BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR!

THAT EVENING A FIERCE GALE BLOWS UP.



THIS IS SURE A queer lookin' monk! All black and bland as a button. He the creep the cat just keeps stavin' it.

MAKES ME FEEL AS THOUGH SOMETHIN'S GOIN' TO HAPPEN ANY...

AGH!!

BOOM!!



AND BLIND THOUGH IT SEEMS TO BE THE BLACK MONKEY MAKES IT'S WAY UNWISDOMLY TOWARD DEATH LEAVING BEHIND IT'S DEAD OWNER...



NEXT DAY...

COME IN!



WHAT IS
IT, LIEUT.
COOK?

IT'S ABOUT
THE MONK, SIR!
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT!



NONE OF THE
BOYELL HAVE TO
THEY SAY IT'S
A JUNK!



SUCK MONSIEUR!
SUPERSTITION!
JOHNSON'S
DEATH WAS SHEER
ACCIDENT.
HERE... I'LL
TAKE IT!

DAYS LATER THE SHIP
DROPS ANCHOR INTO HOME PORT.



HOW YOU'RE GOING
TO MEET THE BEST
FAMILY A MAN EVER
HAD, MONK!



ANN, DEAR!
IT'S GOOD
TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!

OH ANDREW!
I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE
SAFE!



HELLO,
DAD!



I'VE BEEN DOING THINGS WHILE YOU WERE AT SEA, DAD! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY WINGS?

I'M PROUD OF THEM, FRANK, AND YOU TOO!



SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING MASCOT YOU BROUGHT HOME, DAD! WHAT'S IT'S NAME?

OH, THE BOYS CALLED HIM "THE JINX"! THEY HAD A QUERER NOTION, THAT...



OH... I-I... FEEL D... DIZZY...



WELL, NOW JUST A SPELL, IT'LL PASS, OFF DEAR!

JUST THE SAME, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU TO BED AND CALL THE DOCTOR!



LATER...

I'M SORRY, MR. STANSON! THE TROPICAL FEVER HOOKED TOO FAST!

YOU MEAN HE'S...



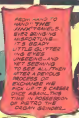
YES!!

SO, ONCE AGAIN THE UNLINED UP TO ITS NAME! A BOYHOMER SAID WHEN ALL WINGS LOST A SALON STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! AND NOW A SHIP CAPTAIN MERELY CO. INC. DENCE OR IS THIS BLACK MONKEY WITH IT'S REDD UNBENDING EYES REALLY A WARNING OF EVIL FLEET US DEEP!



ARE YOU GET THAT MONG FRANK!

IT WAS MY DAD'S! I'M KEEPING IT FOR A MASCOT!...



FOR YOU GOOD
LUCK, AN
ASTRO!
REMARKS
YOU WOULD
CHANGE YOUR
MIND IF YOU
COULD SEE
WHAT HAS TO
BE IN STORE
FOR YOU IN THE
VERY NEAR
FUTURE!
THAT VERY
EVENING IN FACT
AFTER YOU'VE
GONE TO
SLEEP!



HOW THE PLACE
IS BUSHWACKS LIKE
A THOSE
BOX DUTY!

YEAH! GOOD
THING, EVERYONE'S
OUT OF THESE
JOB?



JOE LOOKS
ON THE
TOP
FLOOR!

DEAR THUNDER!
A MAN!
AND HE'S
TERRIFIED!



HELP A!
HELP A!
COUGH COUGH



A NEARBY ALLEY PROVIDES
A SUITABLE REFUGE.

TWO FOR THE
SHIELD AND DUFFY
EN, TAL!

I RIGHT!
WE'RE GOING
ON THE
ADJOINING
BOOR!



WHAT NOW
SHIELD?

NOW FOR
A GOOD
STRONG
MORE!



AND HERE
IT IS, THE
CLOTHES-LINE!

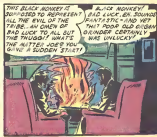


TIE IT
GOOD
AND TIGHT AROUND
YOU, DUFFY!

OKAY!
BUT I STILL
DON'T
GET IT!









WITH ALL PRIDE!
HE - HE JUST REMIND
ME, SHIELD -
THANKS TO YOU!



SHIELD!
LOOK! JARDY'S
MAKING A
GETAWAY!



BOOM.

BANG!



DEAD! KILLED BY
AN ACCIDENTAL
SHOT THE
BLACK
MONKEY
FIRED! THAT
MONK IS A
HOODOO ALLIANCE!



THE SHIELD TALKS DUTY
THE STRANGE LEGEND OF
THE MONKEY.

SHIELD! GOTTA
VARN! WHAT ARE WE
SOMEBODY DO WITH THAT
JUNK, SHIELD! KILL
IT!



NO! I THOUGHT OF SOME
THING BETTER! THAT HEAD-
LINE GAVE ME THE IDEA!



AND SO IT IS THE DAY THE JAP
EXCHANGE IS TO SET SAIL THE
HAPPENING CONSUL WALKS IN
THE STATE ROOM TO FIND



AND SO CUTE MONKEY!
MOST HOLY EMP-
EROR WILL
BE PLEASED
TO ACCEPT!!
AS HUMBLE
WRT!



FEEL!



AND SO BOYS AND GIRLS, READ YOUR NEWSPAPER
CAREFULLY FROM NOW ON. SHOULD SOME PECUL-
IAR DOASTER OVERTAKE THE YELLOW RULE -
REMEMBER THE BLACK MONKEY!

The BLACK HOOD

MAN
of
MYSTERY

THE
CORPSE
ON THE
CHECKER
BOARD



AT RESPECT 77...



Tsk, tsk!
Mmm...



STILL WAITING,
EN, MC GINTY?

JUST MOVE THE
THIRD CHECKER
IN THE KING
ROW!



THIS ONE?

HE'S GOT
YOU,
HOGMAN!



YOU'RE AS
GOOD A CHECKER
EXPECT AS YOU
ARE A GOR MC
GINTY! YOU'RE
NOT EVEN A
GOOD WAITER!

BAY! I CAN
TELL THE WISE
OF YOU ANY
DAY!



AND I'LL
PROVE
IT!

I CAN'T STAY
FOR THE
BLOODSHED!
SOMEBODY'S
GOT TO
PATROL A
BEAT!



I MIGHT AS
WELL BE A
HERMIT, OR A
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER...

FOR ALL
THE
EXCITEMENT
I GET!



A SHOT!
MAYBE I SPOKE
TOO SOON!

WOW!











ONCE AGAIN THE BLACK HOOD PROVES HIS AMAZING ABILITY AS HE ASCENDS STEADILY UP THE SHEER BUILDING WALL...



CRACKING BARRS MAY NOT
BE FASHIONABLE FOR A
CAME FIGHTER...BUT
IT'S SURE A HANDY
THING TO KNOW!

JOSHUA MARTIN'S
WILL THIS IS WHAT
I'M LOOKING FOR!

OH, OH...
I'M ABOUT TO
ENTERTAIN A
VISITOR!

WHA-?

WELCOME TO
YOUR LAW
OFFICES, MR.
PENDLE!

SO THE
BLACK HOOD
TURNS
COMMON
THIEF?

ONLY TO CATCH
A MURDERER!
YOU KILLED
JOSHUA
MARTIN!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!

AND YOU
PLANNED TO
GET RID OF HIS
SON BY GETTING
HIM CONVICTED OF
MURDER! SO YOU
WOULD INHERIT
JOSHUA MARTIN'S
MONEY, AS PROVIDED
IN HIS WILL!

YOU'RE DUBBING
HOOD! YOU CAN'T
PROVE ANYTHING!

YOUR FINGERPRINTS
WILL CLINCH THE
CASE! THERE'S ON
THE STATUETTE YOU
USED TO SHOCK
OUT THE COP!
BECAUSE HE
FOUND YOU
ON THE
SCENE OF
THE MURDER!



END

Archie

in
Camera Bugs

















ONE
HOUR
LATER



CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

Special Communique #14

THIS IS A VERY BAD REPORT! A VERY
BAD REPORT INDEED! IT CONCERNS
THE SHATTERING OF A COMMANDO'S
DREAM!—ALASTAIR HOPKINSON'S
PIPE
TO BE DREAM-
BRACE!



MORNING IN THE PALATIAL
RESIDENCE OF ALASTAIR
MORGANBULT.

WHERE
IS THAT
VALET?

DID
YOU RING,
SIR?

CONFUSED IT? WHERE IS
HARRY MY VALET? DOES HE
EXPECT ME TO DRESS
MYSELF?

BEGGING YOUR PARDON,
SIR! HARRY WAS
DRAFTED INTO
THE ARMY
THIS MORN-
ING!

VERY
INCONSIDER-
ATE OF HIM,
I MUST SAY!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTH-
ING TO DO BUT FEND FOR
MYSELF. WHERE IN HELL
IS MY COUPON?

IF THIS WILL PLEASE, THE SER-
VANT PROBLEM WILL BE
APPALLING! GENTLEMEN SHOULD
NOT BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH
INDIGNITIES!

IMPUDENT FELLOW! I'LL
REPORT HIM TO THE PROPER
AUTHORITIES! WHA-WHA?
THIS? I'M DRAFTED?

THE
BUTLER TAKES
CARE OF THE
MAIL, MY GOOD
MAN!

YOU'LL WANT
TO READ THIS
LETTER
YOURSELF!

INDUSTRIAL
NOTICE

UNITED STATES OF A

GREETINGS - YOU ARE
HEREBY NOTIFIED TO
APPEAR AT YOUR LOCAL BAR
ON TWENTY DAYS



WHY? COME QUICK! MR MORGANBELT HAS FAINTED!



LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE FOR THE FAR-FAMED COMMANDOS

COMMANDO RECRUITING

FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR OUTFIT! YOU ARE EXACTLY THE TYPE OF MAN WE USUALLY TAKE ON!



ANYONE CAN JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY! BUT A GENTLEMAN MUST PLAY A ROLE ADAPTED TO HIS STATION IN LIFE! SOMETHING THAT HAS A LITTLE MORE GLAMOR!



DO YOU THINK THE COMMANDOS ARE 'GLAMOROUS'?



IT ONLY REGRETS YOUR IN THAT I WON'T FORGET OLD BE THERE TO FELLOW! SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU!



AND TO ALASTAIR MORGANBELT WENT TO WHO? HE SUFFERED THROUGH AROUND WEEKS OF BASIC TRAINING AND (BECAUSE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO COMMANDO DUTY) HE WAS SHIPPED QUICKLY OVERSEAS! THERE, ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, HIS EDUCATION BEGAN.



DOWN ON YOUR BELLYS!





AFTER WEEKS
OF MAYHEM,
HUNGER AND
PAIN, THE...
BIG
DAY
ARRIVED.....



THAT NIGHT A LANDING CRAFT
APPROACHES THE HAWAII SHORE.



THAT THE COAL
BLIGHT? TELL THE MEN
TO SWEAT IT ON THICK!



GIVE YOURSELF
A SHINE THOSE,
FELLA!

NO,
THANK
YOU!



I DON'T SEE THE
NEED FOR MAKING
UP LIKE A BLACK-
FACE COMEDIAN!

OH,
GANG?



YOU'RE GONNA
LOOK REAL
PRETTY!

HELP!
LET ME
GO!



MAMMY



COME ON, MEN
DON'T MAKE
A SOUND!



STEALTHY AS INDIANS ON
THE TRAIL, THE COMMANDOS
WALK THEIR WAY UP THE BEACH



THERE'S THE RADIO
STATION! KEEP DOWN!
AND WE MAY BE ABLE
TO GET CLOSE BEFORE
THEY SPOT US!



WHAT ARE
YOU MUMBLING
ABOUT?

IT ISN'T
RIGHT! IT
ISN'T GENTLE-
MANLY TO SPEAK
AROUND LIKE
THIS!



WHY DON'T YOU MAKE AN
AMERICAN FLAG AND GO
GULL-UP ON MY HORSE-
BACK? THE ISN'T LIKE
THE STORY BOOKS SAYS
THIS IS RIGHT!



BUT WE CAN
FIGHT LIKE
GENTLEMEN!
AND I'LL DO
IT!



FOLLOW ME!
TO VICTORY OR
DEATH!



DID THAT
SCREWBALL
BLOW HIS
TOP?



NO MATTER!
THE JAP SEE US!
LET'S GO!

ALL HOPE OF SURPRISE GONE,
THE COMMANDOS CHARGE DESPER-
ATELY UP THE HILL IN THE FACE OF
MURDEROUS FIRE.



YOU'RE
NOT?

FIGHTING SAVAGELY, THE COMMANDOS
STORM INTO THE HOUSE—



IT'S MY FAULT! I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE LED THE
CHARGE!

I'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!
GIVE THE STUBBY
JAP! ONE MORE
—ME!



BUT NO LONGER IS THE
WOUNDED COMMANDO LEFT
ALONE—

DIE, AMERICAN
DOG!



WHY
YOU
DIRTY

AAAH!

BANG
BANG



SUDDEN BLOOD FURY FILLS ALASTAIR HOPKIN-
BART'S MIND WITH THE CRUELLED DE-
SIRE FOR REVENGE -

FIGHT LIKE GENTLE-
MEN, END THE LOUSY MURDERERS!
THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS!



DO YOU'RE TRYING TO
RUN AWAY? TAKE
THIS WITH YOU!
HA HA HA



AND THEY'LL DIE
LIKE ANIMALS! NOW DO
YOU LIKE IT?

Legal



BUT ONE KID WAS PLAYING POSUM, SUDDEN-
LY HEAVED A GRENADE AT ALASTAIR HOPKIN-
BART, THE ONE MAN ARMY.

AL! WATCH
OUT!

BART! IT
DIE, HUNKER
FO!



AND THE EXPLOSION OF
A GRENADE ASKARTIN-
G TO ALASTAIR HOPKIN-
BART'S ONE MAN ARMY
OF TERROR -



BUT AFTER THE FIGHTING
IS OVER -

THANKS TO THE
COMMANDO
WHO MARKED
THAT MACHINE
GUN HE TURNED
THE FIDE OF THIS
BATTLE!



AND I ALWAYS
FOUGHT HE
WAS FIDELITY
TO BE IN ANY
GOOD FIGHT!
MAN HAS A RIGHT
TO BE
PROUD
OF!



MONEY

FOR LETTERS OR POSTCARDS TELLING
US WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN
PEP COMICS!

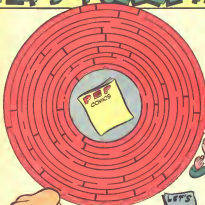
EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!

THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A
WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF **PEP COMICS**,
FREE! EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO WRITES A
LETTER OR POSTCARD AND WHOSE NAME
APPEARS IN **PEP COMICS** WILL RECEIVE A
WAR STAMP!

START WRITING NOW..AND LOOK FOR
YOUR NAME/ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO
PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY!



PEP'S PUZZLE PAGE



OUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE WAS PLAYING HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK! HIS TASK WAS TO GET THE COPY OF PEP COMICS IN THE MAZE! DID HE GET IT?



THE MAN HOLDING UP THE SIGN SAYS THAT THERE ARE THREE CHARACTERS FROM PEP COMICS IN THAT NAME OF LETTERS! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM BY USING SOME OF THE LETTERS OVER AGAIN!



Billy Goddard

I SEE THE THRILLS OF A
LIFETIME IN STORE FOR
YOU. THE SENSATIONAL
NEW COMIC MAGAZINE
BLACK HOOD COMICS
IS NOW ON SALE.
YOU FACE A VERY
DARK FUTURE IF
YOU DON'T HURRY
AND GET YOUR
COPY BEFORE
THEY'RE ALL
GONE!



BLACK HOOD
10¢ comic



THE HICK COP

by Leo Hoban

THE body lay sprawled in the curious flatness of death near the huge mahogany desk in the spacious library. The .38 caliber revolver was clutched in rigid fingers in the right hand. The hole in the right temple was precise and ringed with an uncertain and wavering circle of brownish-black cordite.

"Yep," Matt Scott drawled, "pears it's suicide alright. But it's downright strange that old man Uriap should take his own life. There's no reason for it, seems to me. He had money—plenty of it—a nice daughter and son, an' always seemed to be chipper and happy. Yeah, it's downright strange."

"Begging your pardon, sir," the butler said, "but Mr. Uriap had been very dependent of late. Something had been troubling him."

"Like what?" Scott's bushy eyebrows arched and his faded blue eyes were steady and inquisitive. Battered in his dripping raincoat he looked like a huge and friendly mastiff. He was the mainman police force of the mountainous village of Gwentres, the county seat three miles distance in the valley below.

"I'm not sure just what the trouble was, sir," the butler went on, "but Mr. Uriap wasn't himself ever since his daughter announced her engagement to that polo player, Mr. Yoder."

"Is that so?" Scott drawled. "That's interesting. When was this Mr. Yoder up here?"

"Not for two weeks, sir, when the engagement party was held in the garden."

Sheriff Scott looked through the drrenched windows of the library out into the garden.

When lightning flashed and thunder rumbled the white glory of the Eucalyptus tree in the far corner showed briefly. It was the only such tree within hundreds of miles and had been the dead man's prize possession in his strange garden. Collecting strange species of exotic plants had been Uriap's hobby and his garden his pride.

"He didn't like this Mr. Yoder?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"He was civil to him, but I'm certain that he did not approve of him as a future son-in-law."

"Just why do you think that?"

"Well," the butler said hesitantly, "you could tell the way that he looked at him and he was rather aloof, too, and—"

"And what?"

"Well, . . . Mr. Uriap recently has received a great deal of mail from a detective agency. I'm sure that he was trying to check up on Mr. Yoder."

"You seem damned sure of a lot of things," Scott grunted. "Where are these letters?"

The butler's eyes wavered. "He—he destroyed them."

Sheriff Scott's mouth went tight.

"You hear the shot?"

"No sir. I left Mr. Uriap in here about three hours ago. I found him—like this—when I brought him his evening scotch and soda. Then I called you."

"How about his dinner? It's away past dinner time."

"We were having dinner late. Miss Uriap and her brother and his fiancée and Mr. Yoder were to come to dinner. I believe the storm has delayed them. They

should have been here some time ago."

"Didn't they phone that they would be late?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Yoder phoned from Bennett about an hour ago."

"An hour ago! Why didn't you inform Mr. Uriap of this. You would have discovered his body sooner if you had."

"Mr. Uriap had left orders not to be disturbed until scotch and soda time," the butler said automatically. "I always obey instructions."

Scott knew faintly again. That butler . . . everything so damned pat. He would have liked to smack the guy around. But only city cops can get away with that.

"Could anyone get into this place without you knowing it?"

"No-o," the butler said hesitantly, "unless—" he jerked his right thumb— "unless they come over the garden wall. And that's unlikely."

During the intermittent lightning flashes Scott studied the sheer high wall and guessed its height at about twelve feet. Anyone topping that would have to have great agility and strength.

Scott tugged at his stubbled chin. "There's something about this that don't smell right, but it's beyond me. I guess I will have to call 'em." He started toward the telephone on the desk.

The ringing of the front doorbell stopped him in midstride. Its echoes rang hollowly through the huge house.

The butler looked questioningly at Scott.

"Bring them into the sitting room," Scott instructed. He looked again at the telephone, paused, then turned his back to it, crossed the library and closed the door behind him.

He was standing spraddle-legged, his wide eyes veiled when the four young people entered the room. He knew the two Urlaps, but the other girl and Yoder were strangers to him.

Yoder was a slender, first-eyed, and walked with the muscular grace of an animal. His eyes met Scott's and his pretty mustache became a tight line above his tight mouth.

"Why—Sheriff Scott—how nice of you to come," Patricia Ulap began, then stopped abruptly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Please sit down," Scott said. He turned to the butler. "You too."

Patricia's face went pale, and her clenched hands trembled as she seated herself on the divan. Yoder took a position beside her and slid an arm about her shoulder.

Four pairs of eyes regarded the grizzled old sheriff quizzically. The butler sat primly at the edge of his chair.

"There has been an accident here—" Scott began.

Patricia turned to the butler. "You were instructed to watch father carefully, Meier," she accused the butler. "He wasn't well."

"Damned, sly!" young Ulap said. "I told you we should have gotten a nurse and not left father with this leech."

Patricia had her hand pressed to her mouth. Her voice came in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Father is dead?"

Scott shifted his feet uncomfortably.

The butler coughed politely and said: "Very sad, maa. He took his own life—a suicide."

"No he didn't," Scott said helpily. "he was murdered!"

Yoder spun on his heel to face the butler. "You damned murderer!" he shouted. "Patricia told me about you, how you were always chasing on the old man, but he kept you on anyway—even liked you."

"He was my master—a good master!" the butler said simply.

"So good," Yoder derided, "that he left you twenty-five thousand dollars in his will. You knew Patricia and I were coming here to live after our marriage. Then you wouldn't have been alone with him—had a chance to murder him and collect. So you took this last opportunity knowing you were safe from witnessing eyes because we were delayed by the storm."

"That makes quite a case against him," Scott says. "Might hold water. City cops I guess would hold him—but I'm not going to."

"What?"

"Nope," Scott drawled. "but I'm taking the murderer in. I understand you called from Bennett. Mr. Yoder, to tell that the party would be late?"

"Why—why, yaa," Yoder's voice was suddenly brittle, "just before I joined the party at Morrison. It was me that made them late, you see. Roads were in terrible condition."

"So's the bridge between Benson and Morrison," Scott snapped. "Yup, it's in terrible condition. Well in, it was washed out five hours ago."

"Why—why, perhaps I was mistaken from which town I made the call. It might have been—ah—"

"No—you're right—at doesn't matter," Sheriff Scott said harshly. "I'm taking you in for murder. I don't know what your reason was for killing the old man, but I got a hunch it was to make sure of your marriage and the fortune Patricia will inherit. The old man had found out something not very nice

about you, and was ready to expose you. What it is doesn't interest me. The city cops and the D. A. will present it in court. They're good in tracing down such things. I ain't."

Some of the color returned to Yoder's face. "You old fogey, you'll hear about this. Why I'll slap a court suit on you that—"

"You won't be able, son. It's hard for a man who's going to die in the electric chair to do any suing."

"What?" Yoder was suddenly stiff again and his head was cocked to one side as though he could hear the soft beating of the wings of doom.

"Yup," Scott lazed. "You're not supposed to have been up here for a couple of weeks. Yoder, yet the mud on the instep of your shoes is cluttered with the brown fallen needles of the Eucalyptus tree. And there's more of them sticking out of the cuffs of your trousers. Only an athlete could scale that wall and you did that tonight."

A small automatic seemingly jumped into Yoder's hand.

"All right, hicktown cop, you got me but neither you nor anyone else in this room will be alive to present such evidence. You're taking it first, huh?" The gun centered on Scott's breast. He steadied himself for the impact. The two women were screaming.

As though killed by an axe, Yoder suddenly pitched face forward. The fragments of a heavy vase was scattered about the floor. Blood oozed from a gash in the side of his head.

Scott retrieved the dropped gun and turned twinkling eyes on the butler.

"Is that any way to act—throwing vases at guests?"

"Sorry, aa," the butler said impassively. "I had to do it. Shall I call the city police now?"

"Sure thing. I don't want this varmint around me."

MLJ LEADS *the* WAY

AN
MLJ
PUBLICATION

OTHER
ADVERTISEMENTS!

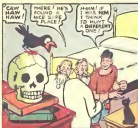
GET YOUR COPY TODAY

Catfish Joe

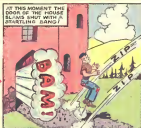
By
Larry Jones

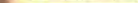
SEEKING SHELTER FROM A STORM, JOE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE DOCTOR THING -- HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THESE WILD SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST PERFECTED A STRANGE CONCOCTION THAT WILL MAKE A MAN JUMP LIKE A FLEA AND THAT THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT OUT ON SOMEONE!













Animal-Antix

SEND IN YOUR "ANIMAL-ANTIX" TO
CAPTAIN JOE PEP COMICS
341 CHURCH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.



MARCO LOCO

by *John*

Adventurer



This is the tale of how
that noble being
of yellow heart
MARCO LOCO.

WELL ACCORDING
TO MARCO'S
DIARY...

RECOVERED AN ORIENTAL GEM
HIDDEN FROM THE SEA/AND
RETURNING TO THE SEA/AND



Met the Great **GENGHIS KHAN!**

• LOG •

At Sea,
April 16.

I have noticed good
sailors among the
blue ship-riders
and...
I wish the cook, it
seems!!!

ALACK POOR
SHOOCH IS
STILL ASHED!

I HOPE
HE RECOVERS
SOON, POOR
FELLOW!

AY!! SOO! FOR
THREE DAYS
WE HAVE NOT
EATEN!



FEELING ALOT
BETTER TODAY,
OLD MAN?

SHOOCH

NOT
DONNNNN



WELL DON'T WORRY ABOUT
US! WE ARENT SO
TERRIBLY HUNGRY...

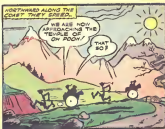
D.DONT EVEN
MENTION
FOOD!
DONNNNN











AT LAST THEY ARRIVE IN FUM
FUM CHOW'S VILLAGE...



ALAS!
YOU COME
TOO LATE!
EVEN NOW SHE
AND GENGHIS
KHAN ARE AT
THE CHURCH!



DO YOU
GENGHIS
KHAN TAKE
THIS WOMAN,
ETC E

YES!

STOP!



WHY WHO ARE
YOU TO THUS BUST
IN ON THE WEDDING
OF THE GREAT
KHAN?



MARCO THE
NAME? HERE IS
THE LEFT EYE
OF THE DRAGON
OF MY ROOM!
KINDLY TAKE
YOUR BAUBLE
AND GO!



AW,
POOREY!



MY HERO!
LET'S FINISH
THE CEREMONY!



OW-
OW-OW!



I NOW PRODUCE
YOU TWO MAN
AND WIFE!



WAIT A
MINUTE
BOYS!

AW,
STICK
AROUND!



DON'T
GO
YET!

IT MIGHT
BE CUSTOMARY
TO KISS
THE BRIDE!



SO IT'S OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES
FOR MARCO LOCO! SEE YOU NEXT
MONTH!